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Definite Souls

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Definite Souls

Aneesh Deshpande

The room fills with the voice of a lost soul
Attending to the needs of many more.
The orchestra comes through straight to the fore,
The voice continuing forward to the goal.
The hearts beat to the rhythm of the sound
Erasing all the questions and the doubts
Room filled with souls, yet but a single bout
Clad all in white to bliss they are so bound.
Ten thousand miles away he cries and weeps
With the sounds of a sick and dying whale
Why should he keep on going in so deep?
Experience violence as a sweeping gale.
But now he cries not as he takes the leap
He knows he cannot, will not ever fail.